

Good Morning 485

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

This is Phyllis, Sto. Frank Washford

"THIS girl desires a red-head"—do you remember that message Frank? It was put in a parcel of electrical fittings just for fun—a long time ago by Miss May Nelson. But she is married now and has a baby girl of three weeks. So you heard no more from her though you do now get letters from another girl—and she has letters from you. The girl who now writes in place of her friend has never seen you nor have you seen her, but you can do so now by the photograph of Miss Phyllis Quantrell. You may not be a red-head—that was just for fun, but Phyllis is curious to see for herself, so why not send a photograph?



The address you write to is that of her grandmother, Mrs. Fielding, and she also wants to see the young man who writes such nice letters. Here is a message from Phyllis—not in a parcel this time.

Britain's
Policemen
will soon rule
Europe says
Thomas Manning

If any Trouble-oh ASKING EENGLISH BOBBEE—NO?

BEFORE the war, many people, when they visited Britain, were reported to have said, "I think your policemen are wonderful."

And now, in cities, towns and villages all over Europe, people are going to echo this phrase.

To-day, hundreds of policemen are training for work with the newest organisation of the British Army, and known as Civil Affairs.

Their task will be to bring order out of Europe's chaos—and if anyone can succeed when faced by such a mighty task it will be the cool-headed British "Bobby."

Before passing out for this important work they receive a thorough and careful schooling. They are taught geographical details, important facts about various frontiers, trade and industrial co-operation. They are also given a great deal of information about the task of relief, for one of their prime duties will be to "father" the freed citizens.

At first, it is anticipated, a strong hand will be needed to keep a watch upon elements over-enthusiastic at the prospect of freedom from German bondage. But among "Bobby's" other duties will be to help the people of various towns and villages to recover from the mess into which German occupation has led them.

In Sicily and Italy, as our troops moved forward, men of the British Civil Affairs Police were ready to assume their most responsible duties. Often they enter a town with the first British tanks and armoured units.

As the Germans are driven out, so do the policemen begin to lay the foundation of their work. In several villages our "Bobbies" were actually at work while Germans, at the far end of the main street, were putting up a stiff rear-guard resistance!

An equal number of American policemen will assist in the duties. Like their British "buddies," they will have to be Jacks-of-all-trades, able at very short notice to assume complete control and put right things put wrong by the retreating enemy.

One former police sergeant, now in the C.A.P., amazed the folk of a small Italian town by his initiative and desire to give them the best possible attention.

When he took over the small community he found evidence of starvation, misery and bad treatment by the Germans on all sides. Food was number one priority as far as he was concerned, so, after finding some wheat, he eventually located a mill in which he could grind it.

As part of their "scorched earth" policy, the enemy had destroyed every possible means of transport, so to get the wheat to the mill the policeman ordered the local men to wheel the wheat, aboard their barrows, to the mill.

Then came another problem. How was he to get the flour from the mill to the baker's. The wheelbarrows could not be taken from wheat-carrying. So he surprised his "folk" by pressing into service the only other means of transport—the local undertaker's horse and hearse!

By this method he was able to have bread for the entire community within a very short time, and by his promptitude and good spirits, earned the appreciation of all.

Overcoming the food short-

age, he set about encouraging the local men and women to resume their work. Coached by the policeman, they res ponded well, with the result that within a very short time the little town was beginning to assume the way of life it had known of yore.

These policemen, who share all the dangers of the fighting men, really go into battle experienced campaigners.

No man is ever allowed to leave the classroom for active service until he has shown himself a master of his special craft, and this means that our policemen will be among the finest ambassadors ever sent from Britain.

Next time you hear of a town being cleared of the enemy, spare a thought for the British Civil Affairs Police, who go in to clear up.

THESE ARE FAMILY GAGS For L.S. James Caldwell

"CASEY'S NAVY" is home. Leading Stoker James Caldwell, and he brought you a recently recorded Ink Spot disc.

Your brother Robert opened the door when we called at 178, Langside-road, Glasgow, and when we asked for some news for you he cracked about the Royal Navy and then told us he was a Third Engineer in the Merchant Navy—so we won't say any more about that—you know both sides of the scraps you have had with your brother, so we will pass on to your mother.

Several neighbours enquire after you, and some of your pals at the C.W.S. ask how you are. Talking of the C.W.S., they joke at home about your proposed transfer from the Transport Department to the furniture store. We missed the point of the gag, but no doubt you will get the meaning.

Going serious, your mother said that your pal Jim Lockhart who was in the Gordon Highlanders was killed soon after D-Day. There doesn't seem to be any detailed news of his death yet, but they will send you all the news.

Before switching back to your brother, your mother sends her love and suggests you might write a little more often.

George is doing well in the Merchant Navy and is seeing

a lot of Canada. His wife is well and often gets along to see the family at Longside-road.

Roger, of course, is on vital war work, and is now foreman of scores of women. He's a trifle disgusted about this, and says that women are all right in their place.

Robert butted in to say that he had picked up some interesting coins in South America. He's leaving them at home for your collection.

By the way, he's been learning some Ju-jitsu and is looking for a victim. That should be in your line, surely?

There are just two more news flashes for you—Mr. Caldwell senior is well and still working hard—and Esther says that Blue Eyes is still waiting for you.

USELESS EUSTACE



"Unorthodox, agreed! But, oh boy! do these pin-up girls get results!"

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1



No Beard, Please, A.B. W. Godfrey, D.S.M.

THERE'S a young woman was home recently from the waiting at home for you, Navy—he's still stationed at A.B. William Godfrey, and she's the same place, and is not getting quite impatient. When ing too bad a time. Remember we called at 7, Plantation-street, Jim Laurie? Well, he's been Glasgow, she demanded, asking after you, and suggests "Where's my Daddy?" Well, it's time you wrote to him. sailor, you better hadn't keep her waiting too long; this daughter of yours is fast getting a mind of her own, and soon your wife will run out of answers to her questions.

Then there's your Edwin, of course—he's a great little fellow, who laughs most of the time. (But he took our photographer seriously!)

And talking of babies, your sister Netta recently had a child, and she's calling him George after his father.

When we asked your wife for news for you, she said there was little to tell, but she hastily added that she would like a few more letters, though they are arriving in batches now. She added that all at home were shipshape and that they were all very well.

Hughies, your wife's brother, Nancy and Edwin.

Your wife says she is laboriously studying the finer ethics of whist so she can wipe off some of the old scores. Also, she is looking forward to some family outings. But much as she is looking forward to your return home, she threatens to lock you out if you arrive home with a beard again.

Just two more news flashes, William—the gong you mention hasn't arrived yet, and Tibbie the cat has returned home after being reported missing, presumed drowned, for several weeks.

The postscript brings love and kisses from Mrs. Godfrey, Hughies, your wife's brother, Nancy and Edwin.



"WATER... WATER!"

—but only the blistering desert heard

WE had killed nine elephants, and it took us two days to cut out the tusks and bury them carefully in the sand under a large tree, which made a conspicuous mark for miles round.

As for Khiva himself, we buried what remained of him in an ant-bear hole, together with an assegai to protect himself with on his journey to a better world. On the third day we started on, and in due course, after a long and wearisome tramp, reached the Lukanga River, the real starting-point of our expedition. To the right was a scattered native settlement. To the left was the vast desert. Leaving Good to superintend the arrangement of our little camp, I took Sir Henry with me, and we walked to the top of the slope opposite and gazed out across the desert.

"There," said, "there is the wall of Solomon's Mines, but God knows if we shall ever climb it."

"My brother should be there, and if he is, I shall reach him somehow," said Sir Henry, in that tone of quiet confidence which marked the man.

Next day we made our arrange-

ments for starting. Of course it was impossible to drag our heavy elephant rifles and other kit with us across the desert, so dismissing our bearers we made an arrangement with an old native who had a kraal close by to take care of them till we returned.

Having thus disposed of our superfluous gear we arranged the kit we five—Sir Henry, Good, myself, Umbopa, and the Hottentot Ventvogel—were to take with us on our journey. It was small enough, but do what we would we could not get it down under about forty pounds a man. This is what it consisted of:—

The three express rifles and two hundred rounds of ammunition. The two Winchester repeating rifles (for Umbopa and Ventvogel), with two hundred rounds of cartridge. Three "Colt" revolvers and sixty rounds of cartridge. Five Cochran's water-bottles, each holding four pints. Five blankets. Twenty-five pounds' weight of biltong (sun-dried game flesh). Ten pounds' weight of best mixed beads for gifts.

A selection of medicine, including an ounce of quinine, and one or two small surgical instruments.

Our knives, a few sundries, such as a compass, matches, a pocket filter, tobacco, a trowel, a bottle of brandy, and the clothes we stood in.

This was our total equipment, a small one indeed for such a venture, but we dared not attempt to carry more.

Into the Desert

I succeeded in persuading three wretched natives from the village to come with us for the first stage, twenty miles, and to carry each a large gourd holding a gallon of water. My object was to enable us to refill our water-bottles after the first night's march, for we determined to start in the cool of the night.

All next day we rested and slept, and at sunset ate a hearty meal of fresh beef washed down with tea. Then, having made our final preparations, we lay down and waited for the moon to rise. At last about nine o'clock up she came. We rose, and in a few minutes were ready, and yet we hesitated a little, as human nature is prone to hesitate on the threshold of an irrevocable step.

"Gentlemen," said Sir Henry presently, in his low, deep voice, "we are going on about as strange a journey as men can make in this world. It is very doubtful if we can succeed in it. And now before we start let us for a moment pray to the Power who shapes the destinies of men, and who ages since has marked out our paths, that it may please Him to direct our steps in accordance with His will."

Taking off his hat he, for the space of a minute or so, covered his face with his hands, and Good and I did likewise.

"And now," said Sir Henry, "trek."

We had nothing to guide ourselves by except the distant mountains and old Jose da Silvestra's chart, which, considering that it was drawn by a dying man on a fragment of linen three centuries ago, was not a very satisfactory sort of thing to work on.

On we tramped silently as shades through the night and in the heavy sand. The karoo bushes caught our shins and retarded us, and the sand got into our veldtschoons and Good's shooting boots, so that every few

miles we had to stop and empty and, with one halt about two o'clock in the morning, we trudged on.

On, on we went, till at last the weary on through the night, till east began to blush like the cheek of a girl. Then there came faint rays labours. We drank a little and of primrose light, that changed flung ourselves down, thoroughly presently to golden bars, through tired out, on the sand, and were which the dawn glided out across soon all asleep. About seven o'clock we woke up experiencing

Still we did not halt, though by the exact sensations one would this time we should have been glad attribute to a beefsteak on a grid, enough to do so, for we knew that iron. We were literally being baked when once the sun was fully up it through and through. The burning would be almost impossible for us sun seemed to be sucking our very to travel in it. At length, about an blood out of us. We sat up and hour later, we spied a little pile of gasped.

Look where we would there was no rock or tree, nothing but an unending glare.

"What is to be done?" asked Sir Henry; "we can't stand this for long."



"Hey! Mines here!"
"So is mine."

this we crept, and having drank some water each and eaten a bit of biltong, we lay down and were soon sound asleep.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon before we woke, to find our three bearers preparing to return. They had already had enough of the desert. So we had a hearty drink, and having emptied our water-bottles, filled them up again from the gourds they had brought with them, and then watched them depart on their twenty miles' tramp home.

At half-past four we also started on. It was lonely and desolate work, for with the exception of a few ostriches there was not a single living creature to be seen on all the vast expanse of sandy plain.

At sunset we halted, waiting for the moon to rise. At last she came up beautiful and serene as ever,

We looked at each other blankly.

"I have it," said Good, "we must dig a hole and get in it, and cover ourselves with the karoo bushes."

It did not seem a very promising suggestion, but at least it was better than nothing, so we set to work, and with the trowel we had brought with us and our hands succeeded in about an hour in delving out a patch of ground about ten feet long by twelve wide to the depth of two feet. Then we cut a quantity of low scrub with our hunting knives, and creeping into the hole pulled it over us all, with the exception of Ventvogel, on whom, being a Hottentot, the sun had no particular effect. There we lay panting, and every now and again moistening our lips from our scanty supply of water.

We Stagger On

About three o'clock in the afternoon we determined that we could

KING SOLOMON'S MINES

By the courtesy of the executors of
RIDER HAGGARD

stand it no longer. It would be first sight resemble a gigantic ant-better to die walking than to be heap about a hundred feet high.

Here we halted, and driven by our desperate thirst sucked down our last drops of water.

Then we lay down. Just as I was dropping off to sleep I heard Umbopa remark to himself in Zulu—

"If we cannot find water we shall all be dead before the moon rises to-morrow."

(To be continued)

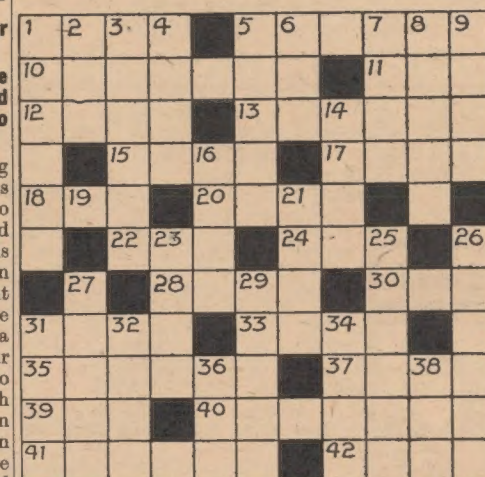
WANGLING WORDS—424

1. Put a path in PT and get a "wanderer."
2. Rearrange the following letters and get three county towns: GO SURE CELT, NEAT MOIST D, LE SWAN ETC.
3. In the following five poets the same number stands for the same letter throughout. Who are they?—6374502, 879N6, 20A406, 5099IC1, 8R3310.
4. Find the two hidden towns in: In a run, Delia always wins, but arches terrify her.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 423

1. CloudS.
2. CHESTER, DURHAM, PETERBOROUGH.
3. (a) Saturn, (b) Neptune, (c) Jupiter, (d) Uranus.
4. Came-I, Lion.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Tart.
- 5 Gulls.
- 10 Arbitrator.
- 11 Pinch.
- 12 Indolent.
- 13 Wool fabric.
- 15 Variance.
- 17 Assist.
- 18 Wild parrot.
- 20 Genuine.
- 22 That particular.
- 24 Head cover.
- 28 Pitcher.
- 30 Poem.
- 31 Region.
- 33 Aerie.
- 35 Hammer.
- 37 Ex.
- 39 Pronoun.
- 40 Uncertain.
- 41 Profoundly.
- 42 Burns.

ASP CLUTTER
LARVA NAIIVE
ELEANOR NAP
VEST EGG A
DONE RARELY
E E ZULU AS
CADDIS BAD
IF ITEM SEW
DOUGH OPINE
ERR EBBED E
SENTRY TEND

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Sportive.
- 2 Guided.
- 3 At sea.
- 4 Necessity.
- 5 Stop.
- 6 Bird.
- 7 Lover of position.
- 8 Distances.
- 9 Leg wear.
- 14 Festive occasion.
- 16 Attracted.
- 21 Land measure.
- 23 Cure.
- 25 Vegetable.
- 26 Blemish.
- 27 Angry.
- 29 Coming in.
- 31 Among.
- 32 Additional.
- 34 Smack.
- 36 Fish.
- 38 Bind.

JANE

Jane and Dinah arrive in Paris—by Jeep...



QUIZ for today

1. A metage is a measure of coal, household, shooting-star, middle-aged person, a group of people?
2. For what boys' names are the following "short"? (a) Larry, (b) Dobbin, (c) Hodge.
3. What is the correct name for a group of (a) hawks, (b) lapwings?
4. What pocket instrument combines the uses of a level, thermometer, plummet and lens?
5. Where is the Bay of Fundy?
6. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Deodourise, Humourist, Humilliate, Hullabaloo, Howsoever.

Answers to Quiz in No. 484

1. Drink made from honey.
2. (a) Charm, (b) Skein.
3. (a) Bridget, (b) Caroline, (c) Catherine.
4. Blackthorn.
5. Chanter or chaunter; nine notes.
6. Sustenance, Surrender, Surreptitious.

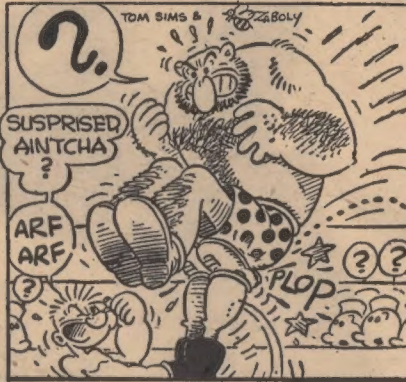
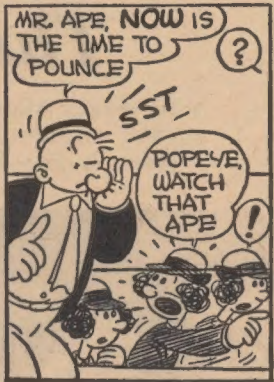
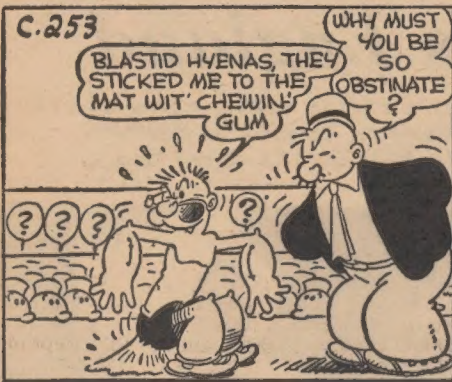
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Under the Plate

AFTER all these years we're still arguing the pros and cons of tipping. One wonders if the system, thoroughly undemocratic as it is, will ever die out.

Funnily enough, the people you would most expect to defend tipping detest it! Waiters don't like pooling their tips in the "trunc" because the head men always get the lion's share.

Besides, most waiters feel that they should be paid a living wage, instead of having to rely on the public.

Of course, there is another side to the picture. A head waiter used to make at least £40 a week from tips, apart from useful Stock Exchange "tips" from grateful patrons. He left £50,000 when he died.

A commissioner, well known in the West End, drew a steady £1,500 a year for calling taxis and being tactful on all occasions. It was rumoured in Mayfair that he had sent his son to Eton out of the proceeds!

My waiter friends tell me that they always get the best tips for showing patrons to the right side of the restaurant. I don't know why people prefer the right, but it seems to be the case. Actors and racing men appear to be the most liberal tippers. Women tip badly, as a rule.

A man once went into a barber's shop for a shave, and told the barber that he was in no mood for conversation. He rewarded the man's tactful silence with a £20 tip!

A Maharajah went into a fashionable night club and kept complaining that the balcony was an eyesore.

Finally, he summoned the manager, complimented him on the cooking, and donated a £1,000 cheque towards the cost of removing the balcony. It was duly pulled down before his next visit.

Americans are noted for their liberal tipping. One millionaire was dining in a Swedish restaurant and asked the band-leader to play a certain tune. He was so pleased by the result that he flipped £150 in notes to be shared by the orchestra.

The great Walter Hagen also believed in tipping on a royal scale. There was always a £50 tip for the caddy, win or lose.

Jockeys get handsome presents, of course, but the record must be held by Charlie Smirke. When he won the Derby in 1934 on Windsor Lad, the Maharajah of Rajpipla is said to have given him £1,500. That worked out at £500 a minute, and that ain't hay, as Bob Hope says!

A peer went to a night club just before the war and asked one of the hostesses to dance with him. He was so pleased that he gave her £100. No, you're quite wrong; his lordship did not see the lady home.

One of the greatest tippers of all time was Van-Lear Black, millionaire from Baltimore. Such was his reputation that waiters' wives used to order fur coats when he was scheduled to visit Europe.

He stayed one night in Glasgow and distributed £91 in tips. The head waiter and chef collected 15 quid each. The waiters trussed a fiver apiece. Porters, chauffeurs, lift-boys all felt the crackle of currency. He once gave a party at the Trocadero. There were 200 guests and the bill was £1,046 3s. 6d. The restaurant staff were flush for weeks afterwards.

Van-Lear Black fell overboard from his yacht and was drowned. He was mourned by many friends, including scores of gents in black ties and white waistcoats.

On the other hand, there are wealthy men who loathe paying anything above the bill. One rich magnate used to create a scene whenever he was charged for a roll. And an American multi-millionaire, now dead, was terribly fussy over his food and service, and lost many a waiter his job by complaining to the manager. Yet he would never give a waiter more than half-a-crown in his life.



"A show, dinner, your flat! A show, dinner, your flat! Really, Mr. Waterhouse, we're getting into a rut!"

Good Morning

Yes, you're right! She's Hollywood's idea of the "Beautiful Spy." Languorous Lya Lys has a curl in the middle of her forehead and we can well believe that, when she is good, she is very, very good—but, we're not so sure about her ever being "horrid." ★



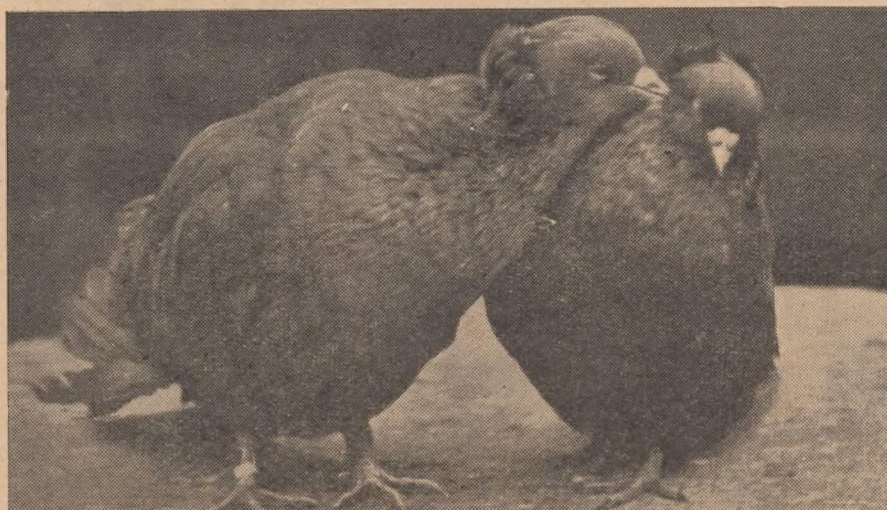
This England

You would expect a village with a name as lovely as Sturminster Newton, to look as lovely as this. Here is the Old Mill on the River Stour.



FAIR DO'S.

"Thanks for bringing my milk, Dobbin. Here's a lump of sugar in return."



"And do you know what I heard? She actually was seen to go into the loft with him, and Mrs. Ringtail waited and waited, but they didn't come out, my dear."

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Whew! And to think it's 'catty' they call people!"

